

JUNE 1933

PRICE 10 CENTS



Our Dumb Animals

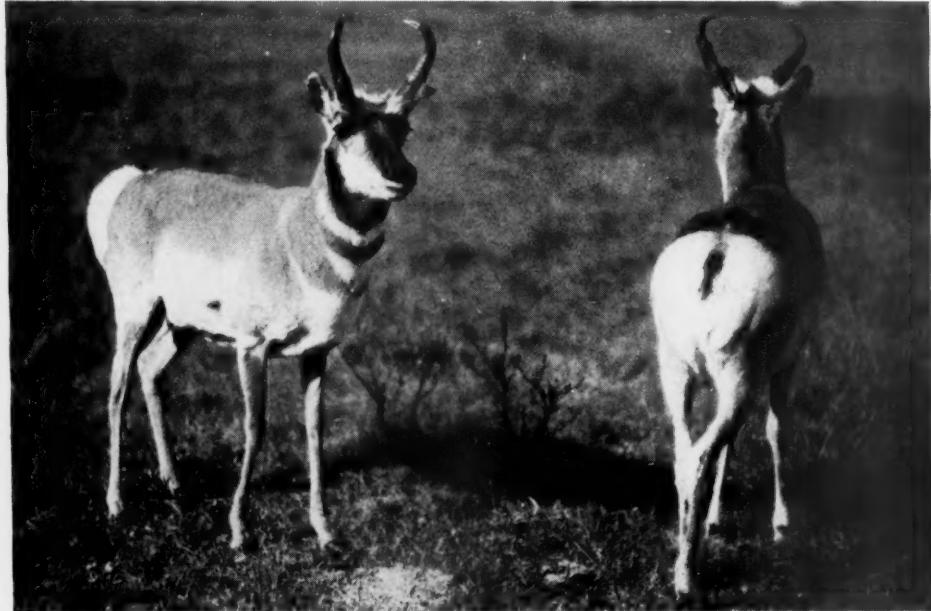


Photo from Kilroy Harris

THE PRONGHORN IS BEING SAVED FROM EXTINCTION (See page 84)

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Does it Pay, story of one Band of Mercy	.30 " "

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Our Dumb Animals

U.S. Trade Mark Registered
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

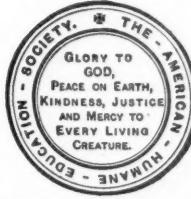
The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 66

June, 1933

No. 6

England's be Kind to Animals Week, known there as Animals' Welfare Week, was observed May 7 to 14.

A recent copy of the *Film Weekly* says that George Arliss refused to allow a live fish to be used in one of his pictures where a fishing scene occurred.

"Animal War Heroes" is the title of a book by Peter Baker Shaw and published by A. & C. Black, Ltd., Soho Square, London. W. I. Five shillings, postage 6d. extra.

If you see a bull-fight on a moving picture screen, get the name of the company which made the picture and protest against the picture as a virtual insult to a decent American audience.

The letter from Mr. Percival P. Baxter, former Governor of Maine, telling of his visit to the American Fondouk at Fez will be read with great interest by all who have contributed to that remarkably fine work.

The British Veterinary History of the Great War is authority for the statement that over 16,000,000 animals played some part in the long conflict. Horses, dogs, mules, oxen, camels, elephants, cats, goats, even geese, were employed.

The saving of \$160,000,000 in appropriations for army and navy activities, if present plans are carried out, will be good news to multitudes of taxpayers as well as to those who have long hoped to see less money spent for so-called "national defense."

"Committing crimes is so safe today," says Dr. Walter N. Thayer, Jr., Commissioner of Correction of the State of New York, "that a man with any sporting instinct and not much in the way of ethics will not hesitate to take a chance. Only about one out of five committing a crime suffers any serious discomfort because of it." And yet we are told that our prisons are overcrowded.

Legislature Defies Will of the People Intent Is to Destroy Massachusetts Anti-Steel Trap Law

IT is quite likely that by the time this issue of *Our Dumb Animals* goes to press the Massachusetts Legislature will have enacted Senate Bill No. 399, which amends the Anti-Steel-Trap law in a manner to destroy the effectiveness of the humane act. As this is written, the Senate and the House have already passed the bill.

As amended, Section 105A of Chapter 131 of the General Laws, which is the so-called Anti-Steel-Trap law, permits property owners to set the cruel steel-jawed trap anywhere on their own land and to delegate that right to any member of the owner's family and to any employee. The present law limits the setting of such traps to not more than 50 yards from any building or cultivated land. Inasmuch as all the woodlands, meadows and marshes in Massachusetts are owned by individuals, with the exception of a very small acreage of state-owned forest-experiment land, trapping with the steel trap under the new law is likely to be wide-spread again, much as before the humane trapping law was enacted.

The extension of the right thus to trap to any employee of the owner lets the bars completely down. It is believed that under the wording of the new law, a trapper could be hired by a farmer to trap the fur-bearing animals on the latter's land provided it were done for the "protection of property." The Legislature might just as well have repealed the law outright. That at least would have been an honest, outright procedure.

And thus, temporarily at least, comes to naught all the efforts of the thousands of humane workers who strove so valiantly and successfully to put the humane trapping law on the statute books. The law was put there by the will of 606,532 voters of Massachusetts, who scored a majority of 327,616 votes, one of the biggest ever achieved in the history of the initiative in this state. The Legislature heedlessly nullifies that great popular verdict.

The humane trapping act has been in effect less than three years. It has not had a fair trial. The law was succeeding ad-

mirably, and in another year or two it would have demonstrated the wisdom and justice of its enactment beyond all dispute. Several effective humane traps have been in use, one or two of them greatly superior as fur-takers to the old steel-jawed trap, so far as the great majority of the animals in Massachusetts are concerned.

This change in the law is being made for the ostensible purpose of affording protection to the farmers against the depredations of the "vermin" animals. That is a mere pretense. There is no wide-spread demand among the farmers for any change in the law. They need no protection not already afforded by the existing law. The plain, unvarnished truth of the matter is, the law is being amended to meet the demands of the so-called "sportsmen" who fear that the fur-bearers may secure a few game birds they themselves desire to kill. The hue and cry raised at the legislative hearings on the proposed law in behalf of the "poor farmer" was buncombe, and everybody knew it. The sportsmen are highly organized and the gentlemen on the "Hill" fear their votes.

The humane forces of the state will not take this injustice lying down. They, too, are organized and the legislators may yet learn that they vastly outnumber the game-killers and trappers. There will shortly be summoned a conference of humane organizations, and out of it will emerge a plan again to carry the fight to the people, who themselves, and not the "sportsmen," own the wild life of this Commonwealth. The Legislature has unwisely, by yielding to the demands of the gunners, opened up the broader question of the right of the latter to exploit the state's wild life in accordance with their own sweet will. The movement against cruel traps was never one against hunting, but the hunters did not believe it. It is to be hoped that out of the ultimate settlement of this trapping question, will come a broader justice to God's wild creatures, embodying the will of all the people, instead of that of one restricted, selfish class.

Why Animals Go Crazy

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

ONE of the unexplained things to me when reflecting upon the white man's relationship to the lower animals is how he can so readily deprive them of their liberty, force them against their will into strong iron cages, and then show off his superb mastery and domination by parading them before the public view, particularly in circuses. Of all mankind our own race with its boasted freedom of thought and liberty of action apparently thrives on denying the same privileges to God's wild creatures.

Those in charge of menageries tell us that they must be constantly renewed for the death rate is relatively high. No doubt the best explanation for this loss lies in the fact that wild animals when caged do not receive proper attention so their minds consequently fall victims to mental diseases, which means they must soon be exterminated ere they do harm. Though plenty of food be given them, yet they fail to receive their due mentally, consequently lose their minds just as humans do under similar circumstances.

Camels, foxes, elephants, and other animals usually found on exhibition often go crazy. Keepers tell us the higher apes and baboons rarely do well when caged. Bears kept in cages often become sullen and despondent just as men do in penitentiaries. We know that dogs kept constantly chained commonly become savage and vicious.

When man is caged he often whiles away the time by inventing some trifling form of amusement. What he does is of minor importance—that his mind be kept occupied and away from his unfortunate situation is all important. Man knows that the mind must be kept occupied or it withers away from disuse.

How often we have stood at a respectable distance and observed the action of wild animals kept in captivity. The elephant swings to and fro from his iron picket, or breaks the monotony of his existence by picking up straw, throwing it over his back, only to pick it up and repeat the process. The lion and the fox trot back and forth pacing out miles every day but making no headway. The poor beasts are only attempting to do what man also does—keep their minds busy with something, obtain needed exercise, and relieve as best they can their humdrum lives. Kindness of keepers and constant change of scene are no doubt of considerable value in alleviating sufferings of wild animals in the circus. They at least have something more to think about, which surely helps to get their minds off their wretched condition.

No Use for Zoos

On his recent visit to New York, when one of the reporters suggested to George Bernard Shaw that he visit a zoo, he exclaimed: "I have a horror of zoos. If I had my way I should lock all the animals out."

Join the Jack London Club

The vicious and cruel exploitation of animals can be boycotted from the public stage. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston.

The Rare American Antelope

EARLE W. GAGE

(See frontispiece)

ONE of the rarest of North American animals, the antelope, or pronghorn, distantly related to the blackbuck, or Indian antelope, is being saved from extinction by the Canadian Government. The history of this interesting animal, which inhabits only this continent, constitutes one of the tragedies of human progress. For the antelope was threatened with a fate like its companion of the plains, the bison. Upon the arrival of the first white explorers the antelope ranged in countless numbers on the wild pastures. Today only a few thousands exist. It is the same story of extermination following the advent of the white man armed with rifles.

In captivity the antelope is delicate and short lived, and as an exhibition animal in parks and zoos it has been a complete failure, since it appears jaded and spiritless. Conservation is possible only in vast preserves, so that the sensitive little creatures do not suspect that they are being confined and cared for.

Many attempts have been made in the past fifty years to transplant and acclimate the antelope, yet more than forty per cent of the animals have died. The onward march of civilization and settlement in the Canadian West made such disastrous inroads on the numbers of antelope, that the Department of the Interior established reserves for their protection. The first sanctuary was located on the rolling plains of southern Alberta, an area of 54 square miles, some 75 miles east of Lethbridge, known as Wawaskey Park. Today the main work of conservation is being carried on at the Nemiskam Park, an area of eight and a half square miles of fenced-in lands, about 25 miles north of Medicine Hat, Alberta, where success has crowned the efforts of the friends of these timid animals.

Today the herd numbers nearly 500 antelope, representing the results of an interesting experiment in wild life conservation as has occurred anywhere. Until a few years ago efforts at raising these animals in captivity had been unsuccessful, owing to the effects of the shock of capture. Therefore, officers of the National Parks Branch, in charge of the work, hit upon the idea of corralling a herd of antelope on a suitable grazing area. A herd of 42 animals were observed feeding to the north of Medicine Hat, and the work of fencing them in without disturbing them was successfully carried out. Since then the animals have thriven evidently unconscious of their captivity and these graceful native animals are rapidly being restored in numbers, to assure future generations of their preservation.

The antelope's chief title to scientific distinction consists in the fact that like the cattle tribe, it has hollow horns, but, unlike them, it sheds the outside sheath each year, just as the deer shed their antlers. With the deer it is the whole horn or antler that is shed, but in the case of the antelope, only the outer sheath of the horn is shed.

There is an interesting story back of the

white patch of hair on the rump of the animal. This is made to stand erect at will, serving as an excellent signaling device to other members of the herd. Under the skin of the parts is a circular muscle by means of which the hair can, in a moment, be raised and spread radially into two great blooming chrysanthemums. When this is done, in the bright sunshine, the hair shines like sheets of bright tin, giving flashes of light that may be seen a long way.

Just as soon as the antelope senses the presence of a strange person or animal, the muscles act, and the rump patch is at once changed into a double disk of white that shines like pure snow. In the center of the disk is a brown spot, the musk gland, from which a quantity of musk odor is set free, and its message is read or understood, by those who have noses to smell. Several animals have the ability to quickly produce a strong smelling odor that serves as a defense, but mostly as a method of communication. A peccary has a scent gland on its back. A deer has one on each foot and on the back. A goat has several about the head. The antelope has every one of these smellers, each tainting the air in a way of its own, serving a purpose which no other signaling device could serve.

The eye of the antelope is of marvelous beauty and magnitude, as keen as it is beautiful. The animal has the faculty of weeping when in distress and more than any other remnant of the pioneer days of the continent, it is credited with uncontrollable curiosity. It is a creature of the dry plains, the vast areas of grass, cactus, and sage, and its food by long habit is confined to these species of plants. When they are not available, it is not too fastidious, and eats everything eatable. It is very fond of salt, and drinks copiously.

In September the antelope bucks drift in from the range and the animals of all ages congregate, a large, happy family. Although they have separated for months, yet they never wander far from the locality of their birth. They never range more than a few miles in different directions, and, when hunted, run in circles around this region. Today there are about 3,000 antelope in Western Canada.

Prayer for the Little Beasts

*Oh, guard, dear Pan, so great and wise,
All little beasts with frightened eyes,
That sniff and scrabble in the night,
Then scurry off alive with fright.
Hide them in burrow, nest or den,
Far from the gins and traps of men.*

*They ask so little, only these:
Grains from the farmer, moldy cheese,
A wormy apple in the grass
And nuts for winter store. Alas,
How they are hunted out of hand
All up and down their noisy land.
Oh, guard, dear Pan, so great and wise,
All little beasts with frightened eyes.*

BEULAH MAY in *Dallas Kaleidograph*

Nineteenth Annual Be Kind to Animals Week



A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF PRIZE-WINNING POSTERS MADE IN MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOLS

THE nineteenth annual Be Kind to Animals Week and Humane Sunday were generally celebrated throughout the country on April 17 to 23 along the lines indicated in the Proclamation of Governor Ely of Massachusetts, which is printed on another page.

The outstanding feature in Massachusetts was the annual prize poster contest, in which, it is estimated, more than 60,000 pupils participated. Similar contests were held by other Societies in various sections of the land. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. received 6,071 posters from 458 schools in 152 cities and towns. First prizes, bronze medals, were awarded to 725; second prizes, imitation silver medals, were awarded to 826; honorable mentions, including a year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, went to 1,172 of the contestants. For two weeks, from April 17 to April 30, inclusive, as many of the best posters as could be displayed in the space, were on exhibition in the Fine Arts department of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square. It was the most successful competition of the kind yet held by the Society.

We distributed, through Massachusetts and elsewhere, 1,250 of the new Morgan Dennis "Be Kind to Animals" posters. A special edition of 10,000 copies of "Exercises for Schools," an eight-page pamphlet,

was carefully prepared by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for use of schools on Humane Day, and teachers above the second grade throughout the state were supplied gratuitously. In many schools the Society's film, "The Bell of Atri," was shown, as it was also in several churches.

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke of the American Humane Education Society delivered appropriate addresses before several of the leading Women's Clubs in Massachusetts. Miss Ella A. Maryott gave special illustrated talks to pupils in Emerson School, Newton Upper Falls; Normandin Junior High school, New Bedford; and Pope School, Somerville.

Two Big Meetings in Fitchburg

In Fitchburg, on April 18, through the ardent interest of Mrs. Grace D. Proctor, one of the teachers, two enthusiastic mass meetings in B. F. Brown Hall were addressed by Secretary Guy Richardson of the Society. In the afternoon, before 800 pupils from elementary schools, he spoke on "Two Boys Who Were Kind to Animals." In the evening, before an audience filling the large auditorium, including 175 Girl Scouts in uniform, 300 Boy Scouts, High School pupils and adults, his subject was, "The Value of Humane Education."

The High School Band played at both meetings. Principal John P. Kilmartin presided in the afternoon and Superintendent James M. McNamara in the evening. At both gatherings the film, "The Bell of Atri," was projected by Mr. Lyman Sleeper of the B. F. Brown School. Mr. John L. McManus, president of the Fitchburg Teachers' Association, read Gov. Ely's Proclamation.

In Hyannis Humane Sunday was observed on April 30 when Officer Harold G. Andrews of the S. P. C. A. presented the Society's film at the Church school. In Boston the film was presented at the Bulfinch Place Unitarian church, where a special afternoon program featured kindness to animals; and it was also shown that afternoon at the assembly at the Boston Y. M. C. A. where Secretary Richardson gave a talk on the work of the Society. The following Sunday the film was shown, with slides, at the Hyde Park Congregational church, where Rev. George W. Owen, the pastor, presented a humane program.

Many features, including editorials, liberal news write-ups, illustrations, cartoons, etc., appeared in the press of Massachusetts, and of the country generally, in connection with kindness week. Reports received from other states are necessarily held over until our July issue.

Proper Toys for Children

THE Pasadena Disarmament Council has forwarded to the toy merchants of that city the following letter:

Dear Friends:

We, the undersigned, representing many church and civic organizations of Pasadena, hereby respectfully seek your cooperation in the matter of proper toys for children.

We agree with the great authority on child training, Angelo Patri, that the symbols of war should be omitted from the playthings of childhood, because we feel that they do not foster a mental attitude consistent with the peaceful solution of differences which our government is advocating, and because such toys in themselves are, more or less, definitely dangerous.

We hold that tin soldiers, toy pistols, guns, swords and cannon give the child a false idea of war as it is today; that they make him think of war as a game; and that they lead him to imagine himself a hero of destruction instead of construction.

We realize that many parents are thoughtless in their selection of toys and that the children are utterly helpless. Therefore, we appeal to you to reduce your future orders for military toys and to make a special feature of displaying at holiday times the many constructive toys which can be used with safety in training for the highest type of citizenship.

Canada's Bird Protector

During the recent discussion of a bill to amend the Migratory Birds Convention Act, Eccles J. Gott, M. P., representing South Essex, said: "Jack Miner does more than all the game wardens in Canada to preserve the wild life of the Dominion.

"If there were a few more game conservationists throughout Canada of the kind that is to be found in my riding, you could dispense with all your Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers and all your game wardens.

"It is in the county which I have the honor to represent that Jack Miner has established his bird sanctuary and I challenge all representatives in this House to show that all your game wardens, Mounted Police officers or anybody else can protect more birds than Jack Miner does in his sanctuary."

Education in Cruelty

Something to be killed is the idea suggested to a child by a toy gun. A small child may use a toy gun without hitting anything—true; but though he may not hurt anything else, he hurts himself. By the wish to kill, the gun teaches him cruelty.

By-and-by, the cruel plaything will be exchanged for the death-dealing rifle, and when he is old enough, his chief delight will be in the cowardly wholesale slaughter called "sport."

Few fathers and mothers would hand their son a knife wherewith to wound or slay some harmless living thing in his hands, yet they give him a gun wherewith to wound or kill at a distance—out of sight, out of mind.

GERALDINE LYSTER

A Life Insurance Policy for the Society

IN these trying days of failing investment and shrinking estates there are those who, wishing ultimately to do something for some cause in which they are interested, have taken out an insurance policy for its benefit. This means that one may have a six to twelve per cent guaranteed income for life, and after his own income has been placed on a rock-bound basis for as long as he will need it, he may have the privilege of bequeathing it to the organization he would like to have it.

It may be you may be one of the fortunate ones whose income has not suffered, but are looking into the future with caution, and, because of possible uncertainties, hesitate to set aside in your will the cherished bequests for your favorite interests. Fortunately, a way is open to carry out your wishes, with a small annual deposit of about three per cent to safeguard your plans.

If any reader would like further information with regard to this, we shall be glad to furnish it.

More Humane Education

Athens College, Athens, Greece

March 29, 1933

American Humane Education Society
Boston, Mass.

Dear Friends: You may be interested to know that our Society is now making a special effort to introduce humane education in all our schools. It is gratifying to have the official support of the Minister of Education who has recently addressed to all the Greek schools a circular letter, requesting every school director and teacher "never to miss an opportunity, whether in class or on an excursion, to stimulate interest and love to animals in every student, showing how much the animals have contributed to our material, intellectual and moral progress."

Please put my name on your mailing list, and keep me in touch with what is going on in other parts of the world. I need material for our little magazine which is very difficult to get in Greece.

Yours sincerely,

CHARILAOS LAGOUDAKIS,
Editor

To the above institution and also to the American College for Girls, literature has been sent by the American Humane Education Society for which grateful acknowledgement has been received.

Seventeen Million Boys and Girls

THE words of Judge Lewis L. Fawcett, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, are worth one's serious thought concerning the value of humane education. Judge Fawcett writes, "The problem of youth is the problem of humanity. There are over 17,000,000 boys and girls in this country growing up without moral training from any source, Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. Out of over 4,000 boys under 21 convicted of crime before me, only three were members of a Sunday-school."

But the majority of these boys and girls are for greater or less periods in the public schools and there they can be reached. There our American Humane Education Society has been for forty-four years using every means in its power through humane workers and through its literature and various other methods, such as poster contests, to reach the pupils in these schools and awaken in them and foster those moral principles of justice and compassion toward all life, human and sub-human, without which there can be no citizenship upon which an enduring government can be built. To have reached through its organized Bands of Mercy alone over 5,000,000 youth—who will estimate what that has meant to this land of ours?

"Blessed are the merciful."



Mother Cat and Adopted Puppies

BESTOWING all the attention and affection of the best of mothers, this cat has recently reared a little brood of handsome Scotch terrier puppies successfully on the road to maturity. The puppies were born at the Angell Animal Hospital early in April. They survived the operation under which their real mother succumbed. They owe their lives principally to their devoted, feline foster-mother who, having had to part with her own offspring, readily adopted them and nursed and cuddled them with tenderest care.

The little puppies made excellent progress; more than a hundred calls were received at the Hospital enquiring about them. They were taken to the home of their owner in about three weeks and their good mother went with them for as long as they need her fostering care, after which time she will be returned to make her permanent home at the Angell Hospital.

We are indebted to the *Boston Post* for the above photograph.

Let's Go to the Horse Show

ELLEN H. JONES

THE outdoor horse show season is now in full swing and a few days ago Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen donned their best bibs and tuckers and set out for an exhibition in their town which the local newspapers had assured them was being staged by "horse lovers."

Mrs. Citizen nearly lost her mind over the trapzy little hackney ponies and their marvelous "knee" and hock action. She didn't get a look at the big thick slab of lead in each little foot, concealed by a leather pad nailed under the shoe. She was right in one particular though, the "knee" action, because weighted horses certainly do work from the knee. At that she wasn't more uninformed than the judge of the class who "put up" one of the little weighted creatures with poor shoulder action, not realizing that a well-bred hackney will naturally use its legs high, wide and handsome without any shoes at all and that, given the right shoulder action, the knees take care of themselves.

Mrs. Citizen also thought the funny little docked tails "cute," but then she'd never seen these little ponies when their usefulness to exploit the vanity of certain persons was over and as they were going "down the ladder," "under the hammer" from one sales stable to another, standing in hot stalls, unsheeted, being actually eaten alive by flies and perhaps only a few hairs left in their stumps of tails.

Mr. Citizen enjoyed the saddle horses, especially the five-gaited ones. "That shows breeding, all right," he observed importantly, "look at the grand way their tails stand out." He didn't, of course, comprehend the tail-setting operation, nor did he know that these "cut" horses had stood for hours before their class with their tails trussed up in those devices of the devil known as "tail sets," without which final little attention they would have been sorry sights in the show ring. Nor did he realize that much of their seeming energy in holding out their tails was induced by the introduction of capsicum, ginger, or some other stinging substance into the anus just before they entered the ring. "Horse lovers" are invariably well informed concerning these little niceties.

And when that big, powerful chestnut won the three-gaited class the Citizens didn't know that he was a notorious "puller" and that his excellent ring manners were directly traceable to a "lip strap"; in other words, a piece of stout twine twisted about his tender gums and tongue in such a way as to cause downright agony if he didn't "do his stuff." Nor did they know that his mouth had been originally ruined by being manhandled.

Here come the jumpers, "Oh, the dear things, how they love to jump!" Oh, yeah! "Look at the nervous little bay horse, going as though the devil were after it!" Yea, verily. Had the Citizens been out in the paddock just before the class they would have seen the little bay being railed. They would have seen a man jumping her over a four-foot fence with two other men holding a heavy, square-cut, four-inch rail across and in front of the jump, one man on each end. As the little mare cleared the jump nicely these men would bang this "pole"



FEEDING A CARLOAD OF CALVES AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

into her knees. Most persons know how painful is just a slight blow on the knee. Then some persons wonder why so many hunters and jumpers "stand over," or have "sprung" knees.

"Look at the little black horse; well, he is a hot cup o' tea. What's he so mad about—look at his ears, held flat back." Listen, lady, you'd probably get a bit "het up" under treatment such as he just got out behind the barn. The well-known trainer riding him holds that "you've got to get them honked up before taking them in to jump or they might lay down with you." Just before the class said trainer gave the little horse a thorough beating with a club made out of a broom handle. Do you notice the way he twists his body and kicks out, both sides, after he clears the jump? The "railing" he got earlier in the day is fresh in his mind. He caught it in the hind legs and he's still trying to get away from it.

"Oh, gracious here comes our gallant National Guard! Look at those horses jump, going like mad! Oh dear, that boy almost fell off." Yes, and too bad he didn't. As horsemen the National Guardsmen would make good locomotive engineers. Occasionally one sees an officer with decent hands and seat. Of course the horses jump. They just had a good-railing with heavy one-inch iron pipe!

Speaking of iron pipe, the writer, who is a "pain in the neck" to the "horse lovers," objected to the use of the iron pipe at a horse show the other day, whereupon the valiant soldiers desisted whacking their horses until she should go away, but she didn't go away until she had confiscated the pipe, got enough of it through the windows of her car to balance the thing and sent it to her home where it reposes; Exhibit A, when the time comes. The "Army" certainly was excited, the lady was summoned by megaphone and directed to return the pipe whereupon she told the megaphone man to tell the captain to try and get it.

A lovely time was had by all.

In Holland, which is a great agricultural country, everything is so spick-and-span that sometimes the windows of stables where the cattle are kept are hung with lace curtains.

A mole eats from three to four times its own weight of insects and worms in twenty-four hours, and if it is kept without food for twelve hours it dies of starvation.

The skunk and porcupine have a perfect means of defense and do not need the wit and cunning of other animals.

A Shameful Traffic

THE traffic in little calves, many of them newly born, still goes on all over our land. New York State continues to ship into Massachusetts the largest number of these weak, starving victims. By reason of interstate law we cannot stop such calves as are wholly unfit for shipment because of their age coming into the state. All that is left us is to watch the trains and offer such protection to the calves as is possible. The above picture shows our officer at Springfield feeding, with the assistance of railroad employees, a carload of calves he discovered. In this car were 150 calves, 14 were dead when he opened the car and four he had to put to sleep so near were they to death. When the car reached Boston there were 132, with one that had died since leaving Springfield. The time limit had not been exceeded, the car was not crowded beyond legal limits, and had been properly bedded. As long as the public will keep buying the meat of these little bob-beal calves so long this shameful traffic in them will continue. It's another of the tragic features of the whole slaughter-house problem. Those of us who are meat eaters keep the business going.

A Mystery

In the book entitled "Animal War Heroes," referred to on the first page, there is told the story, vouched for by his owner, of a dog which found his way from England to his owner in France who was with the 1st North Staffords, near Armentiers. Who can explain the story? Here it is:

Brown, then Adjutant's servant, was returning to his quarters on horseback when a friend in his battalion called out to him: "I've got your dog here, Jimmy."

Brown took it as a joke, though in his opinion a very poor one. However, he dismounted—and there was "Prince" himself, leaping up and contorting his body in a frenzy of joy, uttering whines and yelps and generally displaying the most ecstatic excitement.

The annual convention of the American Humane Association will be held in Hartford, Conn., October 10 to 12, 1933. This is the first time this meeting has come to New England since 1917. The Connecticut Humane Society, one of the most active of its kind, will be the host. Hartford is within easy driving distance for a very populous area.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

JUNE, 1933

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Our Taunton Branch

FOR several years the Animal Welfare Workers of Taunton, a group of women deeply interested in humane work, have been devoting themselves to the protection and care of stray, injured and ill-treated animals in Taunton and vicinity. Loyally, unselfishly and without recompense, under the enthusiastic presidency of Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, they have rendered a splendid service to our common cause. Working in co-operation with a veterinarian who had a small hospital and shelter they have rescued hundreds of small animals from suffering, found homes for many of them and through the veterinarian, now deceased, answered such complaints of cruelty as have come to them.

These difficult financial times have so threatened to curtail their activities that to maintain a live and active organization in the city it has seemed wise for our Society to join forces with them and provide such part of the funds for the work as they may be unable to raise. A new veterinarian has been secured who has rented the hospital and shelter of the former one and will serve as his predecessor did. The Animal Welfare Workers of Taunton have, therefore, gladly become affiliated with our Society to carry on under our direction and the organization will henceforth be known as the Taunton Branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A Students' Movement

THE college student movement against bearing arms in case of another war is gaining great momentum. In Great Britain students of the universities of Oxford, Manchester, Leicester, Glasgow and Wales are going on record as determined to refuse to heed the call to arms, and in this country students in our colleges and universities are rapidly being canvassed for their attitude toward service in another possible war. The young men of the nations who might ordinarily be considered good "cannon fodder" will probably have something to say about that next war. A government contemplating declaring war, and aware that a great body of its citizens might refuse to back it up, would probably find a much more sensible way than by war of settling its quarrel with its neighbor.

After reading the above one may be interested also to read that a plan has been laid before the President by the Navy Department to spend the sum of \$230,000,000 to build up the Navy. Perhaps the day has come when our militaristic friends will have less to say about these matters.

A Hero of Pompeii

The London *Daily Herald* of February 21, this year, publishes the following touching story which we take from *The Animals' Friend*:

A while ago some explorers were digging out a part of Pompeii, that city which, many centuries ago, was suddenly destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius.

Outside a house they found the body of a small boy looking almost as if he had fallen asleep. The little fellow had been overtaken by the clouds of poison gas and torrents of red-hot ashes from the volcano.

By the side of the boy was a big dog with its teeth caught in its master's cloak. It looked as though the dog had made a great effort to save the boy. Around the dog's neck was a big silver collar. The metal was all tarnished, but when cleaned it was seen to have this inscription in Latin: "This dog has thrice saved the life of his little master. Once from fire, once from water, and once from thieves."

Even at this last hour, when destruction poured down from the sky, it was plain that the faithful animal had tried to save his little master a fourth time.

No Dogs for Him

HIS name is the Rev. William A. Kitchen. His church is known as the Faith Tabernacle, Oklahoma City. His congregation, deeply interested in a stray dog that had ventured into the building, disturbing the service, saw, so the report, widely circulated through the press says, the minister seize the dog and throw him out of the tabernacle. The Rev. Mr. Kitchen is quoted as saying, "I would sooner see a dog killed than a service interrupted. I am interested in saving men's souls, not dogs." One wonders how far a man's own soul is saved who has no compassion for a homeless dog. There is no doubt that for centuries the pulpit's avowed effort to save souls from everlasting torment made any interest in the lot of unfortunate animals seem quite an insignificant affair. Quite likely a God who could torture human beings through all eternity would have little interest in birds and beasts. The God of the New Testament, however, and of the Old as well, is portrayed as merciful and gracious, claiming as his own the cattle on a thousand hills and the winged creatures of the air even to the little feathered waif men call a sparrow.

A Friendly Farewell

From Premier MacDonald's farewell address to America we quote these significant words:

"May I venture to say this, that at this moment and so far as one can see for many and many a year to come, no greater blessing can come upon the nations of this world than that Great Britain and America should remain in affectionate relationships.

"The one certain thing about a war is that it makes another one equally certain to itself. In all peace treaties that are imposed upon the vanquished, there is a secret clause. Statesmen may say there is not, but there is, although the statesmen have never seen it. The secret clause is the date of the next war. That is inevitable unless the nations of broad generous mind, deep penetrating minds that see the truth lying glittering away below the surface, unless those nations use the opportunity of the military peace to create a spiritual peace, and that is what we are engaged in trying to do at the present moment."



THOUSANDS FROM THE COLORED SCHOOLS OF FORT WORTH, TEX., IN GREENWAY PARK, OBSERVING HUMANE DAY, UNDE



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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Winchester Branch—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians

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HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent
Springfield Branch
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR APRIL

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered 632	Cases 2,178
Dogs 468	Dogs 1,777
Cats 148	Cats 365
Horses 5	Birds 27
Birds 8	Monkeys 4
Rabbits 2	Rabbits 3
Goat 1	Goat 1
Operations 995	Cow 1

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915 110,557
Dispensary Cases 247,078

Total 357,635

MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

Miles traveled by humane officers.	13,839
Cases investigated	467
Animals examined	5,393
Number of prosecutions	5
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	24
Horses humanely put to sleep	26
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,158

Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	36,015
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	36

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Elliott W. Fiske of Waltham.
May 9, 1933

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in your will.

New York Women's League

IT is a splendid report that has been issued for the last year by the New York Women's League for Animals, which conducts the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals at 350 Lafayette Street, New York City. This admirable institution admitted 25,949 patients into its Hospital during 1932, of which 23,854 were dogs and 2,022 cats. Seventeen stations for watering horses on the city streets were kept open during the spring, summer and fall. The humane education committee responded to many calls from schools for humane posters and literature. A very successful pet show was held at Hotel Roosevelt in April, sixty-five unpedigreed animals having competed for prizes. In February the Junior Branch presented "Romeo and Juliet" for the benefit of the League.

The organization is to be congratulated upon a signally successful year and the promise of future activities on a similar high standard. All members of its Junior Branch receive *Our Dumb Animals* as a part of their membership.

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions for April

For setting and maintaining traps for the capture of fur-bearing animals which would cause continual suffering and were not designed to kill at once or take animals alive unhurt, a defendant was convicted and fined \$50. He was committed to jail for non-payment of fine.

For cruelly beating a dog by shooting him with No. 4 shot, offender was found guilty and fined \$10.

Failing to provide proper shelter for eight head of cattle, guilty, fine \$10.

Cruelly beating a dog with an iron bar, fine \$10.

For failing to provide proper food for twenty-five head of cattle, three of which were too emaciated and feeble to stand and two others had to be killed, the owner was convicted in February of last year and fined \$50 in lower court. Upon his appeal to Superior Court the fine was doubled. Final disposition of the case was not reached until last month. On a similar charge and also one for unnecessary torture of a disabled cow the same defendant was found guilty last month on both counts. He was fined \$50 on each and appealed. The higher court placed both these cases on file.



DAY, UNDER DIRECTION OF REV. F. RIVERS BARNWELL (right, foreground) OF THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889
For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.
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Wm. F. H. Wentzell, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott

"Virginia"

AARON MOORE BAGG

"Virginia" comes, although I want to write
An ode or something equally grotesque;
She seems to take particular delight
In archly sitting down upon my desk.
I never hope to have a bit of peace,
For when Virginia comes like this to me,
I know at once that all my work must cease;
So I submit to her quite patiently.
She sings some words of love for me to hear;
Then, lifting up her face to kiss my cheek,
She tells me that her love is quite sincere
And that another she will never seek.
Virginia always thinks the world of me
And after we have had an amorous chat
And pledged our love, she goes contentedly—
Virginia goes, my big Angora cat.

In making your will, please remember
the American Humane Education Society
of Boston, the first of its kind in the world.

Fez American Fondouk

MONTHLY REPORT

And Interesting Letter from Percival P. Baxter, Former Governor of Maine

March, 1933 — 31 Days

Daily average large animals	74.5	\$78.28
Forage for same	7.2	4.44
Daily average dogs	18	3.77
Forage for same		4.91
Put to sleep		77.90
Transportation		18.41
Wages, grooms, etc.		99.00
Inspector's wages		49.50
Superintendent's salary		15.84
Assistant's salary		9.90
Veterinary's salary		23.40
Motor allowance		
Sundries		
		\$385.35

Entries: 13 horses, 23 mules, 63 donkeys.

Exits: 9 horses, 18 mules, 51 donkeys.
SUPT.'S NOTES: We have this month doubled the visits to the Native Fondouks. Numbers are going up again. Assistant's and Inspector's Report on the 70 Native Fondouks: Visits, 440; animals seen, 4,253; animals treated, 1,185; animals taken to the Fondouk Americain, 79.

The first quarter of 1933, January, February and March, has cost \$1,185.85.

The daily average for these 90 days has been 70 large animals.

This makes no record of a daily average of eight dogs, or food 720 times during the 90 days.

It looks as if we might keep our budget inside \$4,800, this trying year. We need to, but it may get nearer to the \$5,000, which largely depends on weather and crops.

Governor Baxter's Letter

"I visited the American Fondouk in Fez early in April and was deeply impressed by the work being done there to lessen the sufferings of the domestic animals of Morocco.

"The Fondouk is a rectangular enclosure or court about 200 feet square with low one-story sheds, open on the court sides, surrounding it. On the right, as one enters through the gate, is a small office adjoining which is a room used for operating, and extending from that point around the four sides of the court are the open sheds which are at all times filled with donkeys and horses under treatment at the Fondouk.

"At the time of my visit there were more than ninety animals being cared for and all of these poor creatures showed evidence of shocking abuse. Of course any animals brought in that are too far gone for recovery are humanely destroyed. The sores and wounds on these emaciated and cruelly treated donkeys and horses that I saw at the Fondouk were most distressing. Notwithstanding their condition, the poor creatures seemed to appreciate what was being done for them and they seemed happy and contented in their temporary haven of refuge. Some were lying on the straw, stretched out and having perhaps the first real peace in their short lives, while others were standing patiently while their

wounds were being treated with disinfectants and healing lotions.

"No person with a love for animals can visit this establishment without appreciating and approving the splendid work carried on there. The superintendent, Mr. Brown, is a man well fitted for the position. He understands the natives of Morocco and keeps in touch with the local officials. He told me that the new Pasha or Governor approves of the Fondouk and gives it his support. Mr. Brown and his agents daily visit the markets and other places where the animals are gathered together as they come in from the outlying districts. The natives are being taught to treat their animals more kindly, but, where necessary, old offenders are prosecuted and punished.

Mr. Brown has collected several bushels of long steel needles, thorns, and other instruments of torture that have been taken from the native drivers and confiscated by the Fondouk officials, and I brought home samples of these with me.

"In the center of the court is a cement pool, shaded from the sun, in which animals stand when their feet need treatment. There, also, are rooms for fodder and other articles used in connection with the work. The American Fondouk is setting an example to other communities in Morocco and its influence for the more humane treatment of animals already is spreading far beyond the city in which it is located. It is an oasis of mercy in a desert of cruelty."

The greatest need of America is more education of the heart. HIRAM POWERS



FORMER GOVERNOR BAXTER OF MAINE AND SUPERINTENDENT BROWN AT THE FONDOUK IN FEZ

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

By His Excellency
JOSEPH B. ELY
Governor

A Proclamation

For many years it has been the custom for the Governor of the Commonwealth to issue each year a proclamation to emphasize our duty to dumb animals. To this end I designate Sunday, April 23, 1933, as

HUMANE SUNDAY

and I urge our religious leaders to call attention to this world-wide cause.

I also designate April 17th to 22d as

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

In this, as in other realms of progress, Massachusetts has been a leader. In better legislation for the protection of animals she was a pioneer. So far back as 1641 the "General Laws and Liberties of Massachusetts Bay" (chapter XXXII) say: "It is ordered by this Court that no man shall exercise tyranny or cruelty toward any brute creatures which are usually kept for the use of man." Today the statutes of Massachusetts, with regard to animal protection, are considered models, often copied by other states, and a strong public opinion for proper enforcement is crystallized in a state organization second to none in its effectiveness. Particularly in the schools has the better treatment of animals been emphasized in a variety of ways. The importance of humane education cannot be overstated. I, therefore, strongly urge the teachers in our schools and all our citizens to continue to impress upon the minds of our youth the necessity and worthiness of kind and humane treatment to the dumb animals which have been placed in our care.

No prayer more beautiful has come to my attention than that of the Hindus of old which they used in closing their public gatherings. It was "May all that have life be delivered from suffering."

GIVEN, at the Executive Chamber, in Boston, this fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and fifty-seventh.

By His Excellency the Governor,
JOSEPH B. ELY

Secretary of the Commonwealth,
FREDERIC W. COOK

God Save The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

The Man or the Tiger

The big game hunter was telling his stay-at-home wife all about his encounter with the Bengal tiger and how he had finally shot it. "Yes," he wound up, "It was a case of the tiger or me."

"I'm so glad it was the tiger, dear," she said sweetly, "otherwise we wouldn't have this lovely rug."

—*The Congregationalist*

*"Kindness ennobles, cruelty degrades.
The greatest men and women and the best
Are such as note a little fallen bird.
And, stooping, place it back within its
nest."*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS**Swallow Tales from My Diary**

WALTER A. DYER

O f all the birds that frequent my farm, and they are many and various, I think I feel best acquainted with the barn swallows. There are few more neighborly birds, few so candid in letting us into the secrets of their family life. One need not be an ornithologist to understand them and their pretty ways. I have every sympathy with the scientific approach, but I cannot believe that any naturalist ever had pleasanter times watching the barn swallows than I have had.

I have come to love this joyous creature. He does not sing, and yet how obviously happy he is. No creature, unless it be the red squirrel, mixes work and play more light-heartedly. He is my constant teacher in this; he tells me that life is given us to be enjoyed.

For several years now I have kept a sort of spasmodic diary in which I have recorded little happenings in the bird and animal world of my farm, and in looking this over I am interested to notice how very often the barn swallow has found his way into the entries.

This diary tells me that the barn swallows return to us about May 20th. I observe them at about that time chattering on the telephone wires and darting in and out of the woodshed and barn in swift, unerring swoops. In a week or ten days one or two pairs begin building their stucco nests on the rafters in the barn, and before the middle of June I see them teaching their young to fly.

I find this entry, dated June 30: I am wondering about the swallows that are nesting on a rafter in my barn—the usual place. I close the barn door at night and in the morning the pair are waiting outside for me to open it. They sit on the telephone wire and when they see me they begin swooping about, dipping toward the barn door as if telling me to hurry. As soon as I am out of the way they sail in and there is much twittering on the rafter. I do not know whether there are eggs or young in the nest. If the latter, do they go unfed and unattended all night, or do the parents get in by some other way?

But the story I started to tell is about "Paul" and "Virginia." Almost every year a pair of barn swallows build a nest in our woodshed where we have an excellent opportunity to observe their little affairs. We always call them Paul and Virginia, but whether it is the same pair every year, or children of previous inhabitants, I do not know. They always seem much at home from the first and show not the slightest fear of either us or our dog. We watch them building their home and conducting their courting.

And what pretty, absurd courting it is! It must be an art practised for its own sake, for I think neither party is in the least deceived or unduly flattered. It even appears to annoy Virginia a little, after awhile, and I can imagine her saying, "Oh, Paul, don't be so silly." But Paul continues to pursue her and pester her with his attentions, and to try to make himself irresistible in her sight, just as if she did not already know all his ingratiating tricks, all



"LIFE IS GIVEN US TO BE ENJOYED,"
SAY THE BARN SWALLOWS

his faults and virtues. He ruffles his feathers and struts and sidles up to her on the ledge of the rafter. She looks a bit bored with it all, edges away, and presently flies off, but after awhile she is back again and the program is repeated. Perhaps she is as anxious as he to begin housekeeping and only wishes to prolong this period of gallantry, knowing that all too soon the lion's share of the domestic responsibilities will devolve upon her.

But let me quote from the entries in my diary for the following year, one in which I was more than usually faithful to it.

June 24. Paul and Virginia have built again in the woodshed this year. The nest is well back on the rafter under the roof and difficult to see. The pair were very active today but I couldn't make out what they were doing. Twice one of the birds flew off with something white in its bill but didn't seem to be doing any feeding.

June 25. This morning I climbed up a ladder and felt little warm morsels in the swallow-nest with my finger-tips. The family is newly hatched and the white things were bits of eggshell, carried away, I suppose, in obedience to the instinct to avoid calling attention to the position of the nest, though they are not at all consistent in this. Later the parents also carried away cleanings.

July 10. We watched Paul and Virginia busying themselves about their nest until one day we saw little open mouths above the edge. Feeding went on industriously, both parents taking part. What big bugs and moths those baby mouths can engulf! Toward sundown the activity became intensified, almost feverish, as though the little stomachs must be packed with insects to prevent starvation before dawn. We

counted four yawning little mouths, but later discovered there were five.

July 12. Yesterday and today the little swallows were out of the nest and perched on the beam, looking over the terrifying vastness of the woodshed. The parents, especially Virginia, spent much time making short flights in front of them as if showing them by example how to use their wings. The largest one seemed sorely tempted and kept coming to the edge of the beam with wings fluttering, like a timid bather hesitating to take the plunge. Paul has less patience with all this and soon wearies of the role of teacher.

July 13. The big fellow tried his wings today. He nearly backed off several times first, but caught himself just in time. His mother coaxed him with a bug in her bill, and finally he plunged head-first to a nearby beam. He got the bug. Later we saw him on the telephone wire and then on the woodshed roof. A second one ventured to the other beam but returned to its nest. The bold one evidently lost his nerve as darkness fell and spent the night alone on the ridge of the shed. Poor lonely little chap! But that's the way to learn.

July 14. Today all five left the nest and flew about, perching on the wire, the roof, and elsewhere. Later in the afternoon the mother started to coax them back, and an anxious, troublesome time she had of it. No sooner had she got two safely settled, and sought the third, than one of them would pop out again. It reminded me of that old game of pigs in clover. Finally, however, she succeeded in getting all her babies back on the home rafter for the night.

July 15. Virginia took her family out early today but brought them back for a rest in the afternoon.

July 17. Yesterday the young swallows went farther away from home, and we wondered if they had deserted us for good, but they were all brought in again at night and fed. They are off again today.

July 19. This morning, after the daily exodus, it began to rain, and Virginia, with some difficulty, got her brood back under cover. Later, when the clouds broke, some of them went out, but the more timid ones remained. Little phoebe that get caught in a shower when first learning to fly are sometimes drowned in the grass. Perhaps that is one reason why some years our phoebe are so few. The swallow population is more numerous and constant. Their method would seem to be much better.

July 20. The swallow family comes in now at almost exactly the same time every night—6:45, daylight saving time—and we are obliged to leave the supper table to watch them. Then there is a busy feeding time on the part of the parents, for Paul is a better provider than teacher. Stoking these growing youngsters for the night is a bigger task than when they were nestlings. I wonder if they've yet learned to do any hunting for themselves.

July 24. Last night for the first time the little swallows failed to come home and haven't been seen since. Apparently their education is finished. Our supper hour will be less frequently interrupted, but we shall miss our neighbors.

July 25. Paul and Virginia, without their young, have been in the woodshed again today, looking the nest over and

The Screech Owl

MRS. H. A. DANNECKER

*My heart was torn by worry and distress,
Though evening's sweet peace on the orchard lay.
I longed to sob aloud there to express
Emotions hidden from the world away.
Too long suppressed, the tears refused to come;
Then from a nearby apple-bough I heard
A wild, sweet note, so weird and wearisome
I scarcely could believe it was a bird.*

*I felt the burden lifting as I sat
And listened to the screech owl's plaintive cry;
Once I had shuddered when he sang like that,
Now, he gave utterance to all that I Had felt. Since, when I hear his wail I'm sure
That some soul, wounded in life's bitter fight
Needs just a touch of sympathy to cure,
And loves that cry from out the silent night.*

exhibiting signs of renewed courting. Are they preparing to raise another brood?

But they did not—at least not in the woodshed. In fact, I have never seen a second swallow brood, though it is a common practice among our robins and phoebe. I think, however, that the families remain together more or less throughout the season, and in the fall big flocks of them appear on the telephone wires. Even in midsummer I see them sometimes, engaged in play. One more excerpt and the little story is finished.

August 27. Almost no birds have been seen this month. I often wonder where they keep themselves. Only now and then one is observed flitting silently from one tree to another. Today, however, when I went out with "Shag" (my dog) to move my tethered cow, a pair of barn swallows darted suddenly among us—cow and dog and man. They swooped very close to us, again and again. It was as if they welcomed the companionship. They were beautiful to watch, with their steel-blue backs and rufous breasts, their long wings and forked tails. Swiftly they banked and turned, a poem of motion. Was it Paul and Virginia, come to say good-bye?

The civilized man from Plato to Dante to Goethe has been a patriot among his own people, but also a citizen of the world. And it is the function of great men to penetrate the passing fashions and to clarify the enduring values of life.

WALTER LIPPMAN

They (the animals) share with us the mystery of life and mind—they are products of the same august will; they are sub-personalities claiming kinship with us in endless delightful ways.

PROFESSOR SIR ARTHUR THOMSON

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Help the Birds, Help Ourselves

A. C. K. HALLOCK



GOOD news for the birds. Nesting-boxes are greatly on the increase. Good news for everybody. Watching our feathered friends at their homemaking will help relieve the tension of these troublous times.

Two of the most attractive birds that

will visit us are the bluebirds and the tree swallows. The bluebirds have a great many human characteristics. The mother bird does most of the work, assumes all authority, but at the same time all responsibility. The flashy male, on the other hand, lends a note of gaiety, provides entertainment and refuses to take life too seriously.

Although the downright wholesomeness and the amusing domesticity of the bluebirds are in every way charming, the sparkling beauty and elegant distinction of the tree swallows are really invigorating. These latter birds fly around the yard with a wild abandoned grace and thrilling perfection of skill that is positively inspiring.

It is, therefore, as much for ourselves as for the birds that we should give them every opportunity of displaying their charms.

Water! Water!

CONRAD O. PETERSON

During the hot summer months steps should be taken to see that animals and birds have plenty of water to drink. Our dumb friends cannot ask for a drink, but must depend on their masters to provide water for them.

My own experience on our farm has proved to me the importance of plenty of water for our farm animals. If the creeks in the pasture dry up, we find other means of watering our cattle. Our horses must be watered often at the water tank. Watching them drink gives a person a good idea of how thirsty they get.

Don't forget your chickens, the canary, your dog, your cat and other dumb friends who must depend on you. Let them drink that they may also bear the heat with more comfort.

He Emptied the Dog Pound

ROBERT PRICE

WILL RANNELLS lives with eight dogs and two cats. So goes the story around Columbus, Ohio, whenever appraising critics wish to emphasize the fact that one of the country's finest dog artists not only paints but really knows the subjects which he portrays. Rannels, who is an instructor in drawing at the Ohio State University, has of late years acquired an enviable national reputation for his very fine pictorial records of animal life, particularly of dogs. You probably have seen some of his fascinating covers for *Life*—“Another Scotch Story” for instance.

This illustrative work through which the general public knows Rannels is really something more than merely successful commercial art. Rannels is a genuine artist, with all the finished artist's technique and an artist's profound love and sympathy for the pets he portrays. In the Middle West, where his original drawings and paintings are most frequently exhibited, he has no small trade as a canine portrait maker. Some of the country's most aristocratic dogs have sat for his canvases, also many a cur gathered in from the gutter or the dog pound.

Rannels' secret of portraiture seems to be in his ability to make every dog he pictures something more than a mere dog or type of dog. Folks like Rannels' pictures because he has the knack of making one forget that the silky-eared or sad-eyed or impertinent-nosed fellow looking out from a sheet of snow-white paper is a perfect specimen of the genus “hound” or “collie” or “Scotty.” Rather it is a live, nose-quivering, affection-emitting being that makes one's fingers tingle to rub and to pat.

As a matter of fact, these life-like dogs, catalogued under such names as “Bugle,” “Topsy,” “Briar,” “Old Black Nipper,” or “Just a Dog,” (these names are from a recent one-man exhibit in Columbus) are all genuine dog personalities which have really sat for Rannels' facile brush and pencil.

The family of pets which he always has around him furnish many of these sitters. Many more are distinguished, blooded aristocrats brought to him for portraits. Still more are mongrel waifs gathered in from here and there. All of them he makes his friends, with consummate knack, works with them, plays with them, until each subject has been brought to the status of an obedient, sympathetic sitter for a reverenced master.

Art critics, when they can forget about the genuineness of Rannels' dog personalities, have much to say about his peculiar art technique. Most of his portraiture is done with charcoal or lithograph pencil and water color washes, sometimes with oils. Always, he accomplishes his portrait with an amazing economy of detail. A few exactly drafted lines, a spot or two of color on a snowy expanse of paper, and Rannels has captured an alert, vibrant terrier or beagle or cur. He works less frequently and less successfully in oils, for it is a slower medium. Somehow his finest magic is accomplished through the skilled exactness and wise sense of selection with which

he wields the swifter pencil and water color. The speed of the medium seems to catch better the friskiness of his sensitive sitters.

The story about Rannels and the dog pound is the favorite one going the rounds just now. Several months ago, Rannels became very much interested in the homeless little fellows which had landed in the Columbus dog pound. He took the waifs home, one at a time, won their confidence, and induced them to sit for a series of black and white pencil sketches which were eventually published from week to week in the Columbus *Citizen*. The clever sketches and the appealing bits of verbal description which accompanied each one, caught the public's fancy and sympathy immediately, and when the series had ended, so the story is told, every hapless transient in the city dog pound had found a good home.

The Horse and the Farmer

CONRAD O. PETERSON

THE depression has caused many farmers to return to the use of the horse, and it is said in farming circles that the demand for horses is becoming greater, with a corresponding increase in prices.

Farm back-yards are littered with worn-out tractors, but the good old stand-by, the horse, is always ready to do his work. The high cost of gasoline and tractor replacements, has caused the farmer to again regard the horses as a necessity. With the increase in value, I find that horses receive better care, because a horse must have proper care and food to do his work well.

The average farmer treats his horses with kindness, due no doubt to the fact that man and horses are usually inseparable companions all day long. Through spring planting, hot summer, and harvest time, man and horses trudge up and down fields from morn until night. They find something in common, in work like this, and it is small wonder that they really get to know each other.

When “Old Dobbin” gets too old to work, he generally spends his last days in the pasture, where he can roam at will.

Dobbin Carries On

JOHN P. DINNENY

Undismayed by technocracy, or the assault of science all along the line of modern industry, the dairy-wagon horse is more than holding his own.

Traffic managers of all three of New York City's principal milk distributors insist that the horse is all but human. They ought to know something about it for between them they have 7,000 horses.

Within three months after being “found” on the farms of the middle west, they assert, the dairy-wagon horse has learned his route, watches his driver out of the corner of his eye and moves along and stops as the milkman plods from house to house, leaving hooded cap bottles. No automobile, they say, will ever do that, even with radio control.

A milk-wagon horse gets “Grade A” care and attention. Just as the cows from which Grade A milk comes, are inspected at frequent intervals to prevent disease, veterinarians in the employ of the milk companies keep close watch on the horses.

A Dog's Meditation

SERAPH LLEWELLYN

*I wish I knew why they are strangely sad
And speak of him as in some far off place.
Can they not see him here beside me now—
See the kind smile that lights my master's
face?*

*I dumbly ponder, being just a dog,
And haunt the paths we travel every day.
He seems the nearer when we are apart
From those who weep and mourn him as
away.*

*They call me queer and say I'm getting
blind,
The way I walk unseeing here and there.
They cannot understand I follow him
From room to room and up and down the
stair.*

*A strange mist glowing soft about him
seems
To stand between us; yet, I feel his
hand—
Or run in answer to his dear loved voice—
Would I could speak and make them un-
derstand.*

Their Pets

MINNA IRVING

MUSICIANS are fond of pets as a rule, and most of the radio head-liners have one or more. B. A. Rolfe got into court not very long ago for defending his dog from an unmuzzled police-dog in Central Park. Walter Damrosch has spoken on the air of his dog as showing a decided sense of music and a preference for certain pieces when he plays the piano. Edwin Franko Goldman has a beloved Maltese terrier, “Cutie,” which he bought from a vendor of puppies on Fifth Avenue one snowy night ten years ago. Henry Fillmore's Radio “Mike” is too well known to need mention here. Paul Specht says he could fill a book with tales about interesting pets. Paul Whiteman raises Scotties. Lieutenant Charles Benter, leader of the Navy Band, cherishes a Boston terrier whose favorite napping-place is on his desk. Bert Kauff, who used to lead the jazz band at the Knickerbocker Grill, moved three times because of objections to his chow, and told me that he was looking for a house in the country where she could bark when she felt like it.

We are sometimes discouraged, you and I, about the human species? Ah, yes. But we need not be. We can hug this comfort to our breasts. We cannot be wholly bad, we two-leggeds—or our dogs wouldn't love us so. They see in us something very precious: something worth fishing out of rivers, and saving from fires, and protecting from thieves. Something worth dying for, if need be. VERA CONNOLLY in *Delineator*

We are certain that unless the churches take a clear and consistent stand on this matter of life and death (war) to our civilization and to the world they will merit the contempt of men and the judgment of God.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gift badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and seventy-eight new Bands of Mercy were reported during April. Of these, 232 were in Illinois, 187 in Vermont, 83 in Georgia, 74 in Virginia, 40 in Massachusetts, 26 in Rhode Island, 25 in Pennsylvania, five in Tennessee, two in Iowa, and one each in Minnesota, Missouri, Oklahoma, and West Virginia.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 194,801.

The Calvin Coolidge Band of Mercy, with more than thirty members, has been organized in the Junior high school of Bakersfield, Vt. During Be Kind to Animals Week this band took charge of the assembly in Brigham Academy and put on a program relating to animals. The sponsor, Mrs. Frances Read, writes that in addition to the club meetings, she correlates her English classes with humane education to the unbounded enthusiasm of her pupils.

Brave Dogs of England

MRS. E. R. ADAMSON

OF special interest at a recent dog show in England was a section marked off by the sign: "V. C. dogs. Heroes every one!"

Here were to be seen members of the canine family of many sorts and sizes—all the way from a Great Dane of highest pedigree to a little mongrel Skye terrier. Seventeen in all, and each wearing the same sort of collar—a blue leather one with a dangling silver medal which read: "For Bravery."

These dogs were all members of the Victoria Cross Club for dogs, organized two years ago by a great London weekly. Membership is limited to dogs who have actually risked their lives to save a human being. Since its foundation only twenty-four dogs have been given the coveted collar. Some of these dogs have performed deeds of the greatest heroism. In the big book, containing the Club's "Roll of Honor," may be found the name of each dog member, and the record of his deed.

"Bob" rescued a baby from a miry gravel pit. "Jack" saved a boy from drowning. "Bruno" watched over a child lost in a forest until it was found by its parents. "Tinker" stopped a run-away horse by grabbing it by the bridle. Last but not least is "Nip," who gave timely warning to his master and mistress, when the house was on fire at night, by scratching at their door and barking loudly. In making his own escape this faithful dog had to jump from an upstairs balcony and so injured his legs that he has had to wear leg supports ever since.

Dog Friends

SOLVEIG PAULSON

*As I go whistling down the street
I have so many friends to greet,
Perhaps they'd be just dogs to you,
To me they're friends and all true blue.*

*A happy bark, a friendly tail,
Straightforward eyes to greet my hail,
Each one all eagerness to please,
I'm proud to have such friends as these.*

*I think it's sad all men don't know
The qualities that dogs can show,
But as for me, my day's more sweet
Because I have such friends to greet.*

The Perfect Pet

JOHN P. DINNENY

NO pet is so charming, none so desirable in the quiet home as the cat. Graceful and beautiful to look upon; dainty in taste and unobtrusive in manner, he is as welcome in the study or drawing-room as in the kitchen.

Yet cats are generally misunderstood. They are presumed to be incapable of friendships and attachments, but the contrary is the truth. To be sure, puss is not demonstrative; he does not kiss the hand that beats him. Nor does he express his emotions by barking, leaping and knocking one down. But the quiet rubbing against his friend, the gentle touch of his tongue, mean quite as much as the more raucous greeting.

The cat-mother's kindness to the young of other animals is a well-known fact. She will adopt into her family chickens, ducks, squirrels, puppies, and even rats, and lavish a care upon them no less than upon her own brood. Moreover, she forms friendships of the warmest sort; not only with dogs and horses, but with turkeys and fowls, readily giving up her warm bed by the fire to share the cold quarters of her friends.

Puss' intelligence has been questioned, compared usually with the dog as being much less bright. The truth is he is too knowing to be driven to learn. Kindness and coaxing can teach him more than can be taught his canine friend. If struck, he turns sulky; if frightened, he does nothing. And there is no question as to his usefulness to mankind. In many business enterprises cats are as much a fixture as the electric lights for the money they save their owners. If the whole cat race should be wiped out the world would be speedily brought to a realization of the value of the services, hitherto not properly appreciated. The perfect pet, indeed!

Do not forget your cat when moving.

The Canary in the Earthquake

HARRY R. PETERSON

BECAUSE Principal George B. Crawford of the Lincoln School, at Long Beach, California, was willing to risk the danger of falling walls and balancing bricks to save a bird, "Dickey," pet canary of the first grade will sing again to pupils when schools open in the stricken city.

Dickey's cage hung from a standard in one of the ground-floor rooms. In the earthquake, Friday evening, March 10, the building was partially demolished. Walls caved in, the auditorium collapsed, and fallen masonry littered the floors.

Without his usual allowance of seed and water from the Lincoln caretaker, Dickey endured the stress of the earthquake, all alone. Strangely enough, his standard did not upset. When Mr. Crawford tiptoed into the school the following Sunday, seized the cage and hurried out again, the bird was singing his usual song, in the midst of the ruins.

Dickey was given relief rations at the principal's home and, when the temporary structures on the school grounds are completed, will be given a place of honor in the new class-room.

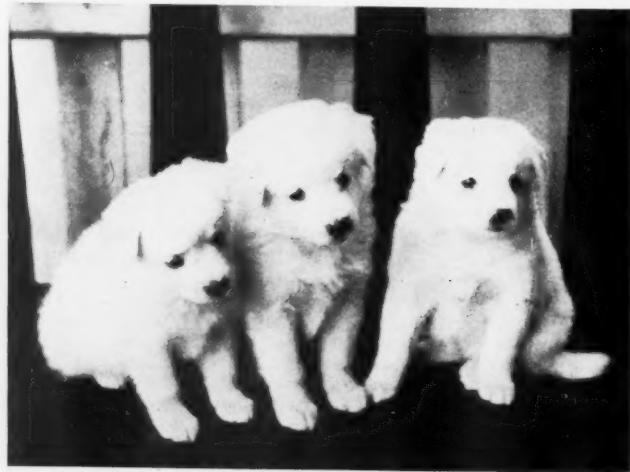
A Sea-Going Pet Hotel

FRANK H. CROSS

A NOVEL service on the Grace Line's magnificent new liner, Santa Elena, is rendered in a specially built steel house for pets on top of the boat deck. Roomy, individual apartments are provided for dogs and other pets in this steel house, which is described by the company as a "comfortable sea-going pet hotel."

The dog compartments are fully equipped with running water and provided with controlled ventilation devices to supply cold air in the tropics and warm air in the cooler zones.

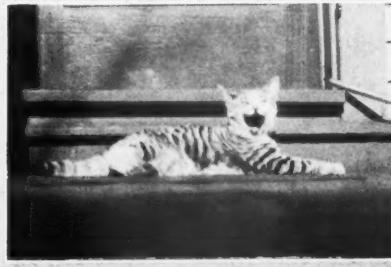
The dog passengers on the great liner receive individual attention from the dog steward. They are fed on a special diet and every day they are taken for a run to stretch their sea legs on a section of the deck reserved exclusively for their use.



ALL SPICK AND SPAN FOR THE PICTURE MAN

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Prize-Winning Photographs in Children's Contest



THE prize photographic competition, conducted by *Our Dumb Animals* for boys and girls under fifteen for the best photographs taken by them with their own cameras and received before April 1, 1933, resulted as follows: First prize, \$10 cash, (upper center), Dorothy V. Schaeffer, 14, Washington, D. C.; second prize, \$5 cash, (upper left), Betty Stowell, 12, Yonkers, N. Y.; third prize, \$3 cash, (upper right), Thomas B. Manning, 13, Greenfield, Mass.; honorable mentions, one year's subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, (lower left), Eileen Droz, 14, Somerville, Mass., (lower center), Loyd Yarn, 10, Atlanta, Ga., (lower right), Margaret O'Donnell, 14, Bridgewater, Mass. Many other interesting pictures were sent in

from all parts of the country. Congratulations to the winners. We only wish that we could afford a prize for each one who participated.

A Schoolboy's Creed

*A coward quite often will worry a cat;
A "Regular Fellow" will never do that,
For only a coward, it's easy to see,
Will fight with a creature that's weaker than he.*

Answers to Dachshund Puzzle last month: Cookies, Doughnuts, Coffee Cake, Applesauce, Lamb Stew, Cherries, Cup Cakes, Ice Cream.

Courtesy

KATHERINE VAN DER VEER

*Courtesy is a gentle word that brings
The thought of kindness to the very least
Of all the little furred and feathered things,
Stray mongrels, and the over-burdened
beast.
They look, with depths of sorrow in their
eyes,
As if they held a soul that would beseech
Compassion from the strong and worldly-
wise—
Tyrant or god, to those who have no
speech.*

*A bowl of water for the thirsting dog,
A friendly heart that tries to intercede
For friendless kittens, in the rain and fog,
Such courtesies are part of human need,
For those who give of love, shall love re-
ceive,
This I have read and this, I do believe.*

Be Kind to Animals Week in Chicago

A broadcast each day of Humane Week was arranged for in Chicago by our representative there, Mrs. Toomim. The following spoke for humane education over the radio:

Mr. Gilbert H. Wilkinson, principal of the Fort Dearborn School; Mr. Karl Borders, League for Industrial Democracy; Dr. Robert Clements, Presbyterian Theological Seminary; Mr. Perry A. Lint, executive of Boy Scouts; Mrs. Charlotte L. Hunt, president of Chicago Humane Education Society; and Dr. Abraham Hirschberg, rabbi, Temple Sholom.

It was station WIBO that so generously granted the privilege of these broadcasts.

Sincerest sympathy of all our co-workers goes out to Mr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, field representative of the American Humane Education Society and secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society of Pittsburgh, upon the sudden passing of Mrs. Wentzel on the Saturday of Be Kind to Animals Week.

The two insects most useful to man are the silkworm and the honey bee.

There are 18,379 pure-blooded bison in North America, the United States having 3,385, one-third of these being in the State of Wyoming.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Gentle Are the Brave

Editorial in *Christian Science Monitor*

THIS is "Be Kind to Animals Week" in the United States. Gentleness gives strength to civilization, and mercy to dumb creatures marks humanity.

For long, mankind gave scant heed to the mute pleading of the inarticulate strata of creation. Then, just a short century ago, the first association in the world for the defense of animals was formed, in the face of violent opposition, through the efforts of Richard Martin, a member of the British Parliament. Now Bands of Mercy girdle the world, and through their untiring ministrations the lot of animals grows ever brighter and happier.

In America from April 17 to April 23 daily radio programs under the auspices of the American Humane Education Society are being given, describing the work of many organizations in promoting kindness to animals. Governors in many states are issuing proclamations urging wide observance of this annual "Be Kind to Animals Week." School children throughout the land are being taught through precept and practice that the gentle are the brave.

Much remains to be accomplished. There are still pack mules staggering painfully over the Andes whose existence is one long misery; the tourist's sensibilities are sadly torn by the callous cruelty to beasts of burden in some parts of southern Europe. Ponies still become blind in the darkness of coal mines in which they are sentenced to life-long imprisonment. Harsh cruelty is still too often the dreary portion of animals trained for show purposes.

But, with one exception, civilization does recognize more and more the rights of those who cannot speak for themselves. That exception is the vivisectionist. "Be kind to us" still echoes to the skies from uncounted victims tortured in the name of humanity.

The dog, during these recent years of vanishing fortunes and dreary times, has been a source of comfort, companionship and pleasure to many people. Hard times and moratoriums mean nothing in the dog's life. He is always the same cheerful, loyal, loving servant of man and has done much in keeping up the good spirits of us all.

—Dog World

Both Houses of the Pennsylvania legislature have unanimously passed a bill to prevent the cropping of dogs' ears, similar to that secured by our Society in Massachusetts.

Freedom for the Dog

L. L. TROTT

WHILE living in the country, I purchased a watch-dog from a reputable advertiser unable longer to confine his lively German police dog within city walls. The handsome sentinel was two years "young," and had never experienced greater liberty than that afforded by a leash. The farm was the place for him!

But it was too late now. He killed poultry on sight—the first he had ever seen. And, when again tethered, he developed a sort of canine insanity, not hydrophobia, but fearful of all figures, even fantastic shadows. A painless exit was his right. A lap-dog is the canine pet for city dwellers.

Since then, a police puppy, farm reared among poultry, cats, and what not, has given good service, and enjoyed the rolling, skirmishing life he deserves.

A near friend in a crowded village was presented a female bull pup of high degree, "with papers." The papers overcome prejudice, in most cases, and she kept the gift. She was persuaded that when her "Patsy" became a mother, the progeny could be placed in good homes, at a handsome profit.

She made conditions as near to nature's demands as she thought possible; took the dog outdoors on a leash, and included a bone in the daily diet. However, Patsy was actually indoors most of the time, and consumed rations from the daily human menu.

When her puppies came, she was back with the veterinarian who raised her. But she gave up her affectionate life, with only one surviving offspring to keep her memory green, sacrificed to an unnatural-indoor existence, lack of exercise, and the food for civilized stomachs.

The owner made determined changes for the pup—wired off a spacious paddock, partly shaded, where he could run and play and dig, and bury bones, and grow husky. He visits indoors many times every day, but his home is outside, and he loves the fresh, free existence. And every day he has treats from the family table, but his regulation diet was prescribed by the veterinarian, and his health is sturdier than his mother's was. So much for putting one's self in Fido's place!

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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